

THE  
JEALOUS CLOWN:

OR, THE

# Lucky Mistake.

A N

# O P E R A

(Of One ACT)

As Perform'd at the

# NEW THEATRE

I N

# GOODMAN's-FIELDS.

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By THOMAS GATAKER, Gent. K

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To which is annex'd the MUSICK.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for HENRY PARKER, in Bull-Head-Court, Jewin-Street. 1730. [Price 6 d.]



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To my very good Friend Mr. Thomas  
Gataker, on his publishing his OPERA  
called, *The Jealous Clown: Or, the  
Lucky Mistake.*

**T**O U R Maiden Works foretell, a fertile Brain  
Produc'd the vast Increase; and may your Gain  
Answer your Wish in e'ry single Thought,  
Till your rich Brow be with the Laurel fraught.  
Rise, my brave Friend, and in thy youthful Days  
Shew to Mankind thou'r't worthy of the Bays.  
Let Swains and Nymphs thy softest Numbers sing,  
Be thou the Darling of their lasting Spring.  
Equal (and, if thou canst, surpass) the brave,  
Whose Deeds remain, though they are in the Grave.  
Immortal be thy Praise, as is thy Verse,  
Which Men in aftertimes may still rehearse.  
What, tho' thy Muse speaks not a lofty Stile,  
Thy inward Heart at thy Success will smile.  
My Friend's Quietus as my own I prize,  
To gain his Wish I'd be a Sacrifice.  
True to each single Trust, gen'rous and free,  
Gallant and brave, with all in Unity.  
If I'm too slack in praising of my Friend,  
Forgive that Fault I never did intend.

Doctors Commons,  
Dec. 14. 1730.

Yours to Command,

T. KEEN.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Sir Timothy Gripe, a Usurer,                   | Mr. Bardin.    |
| Lovewell, a Gentleman in Love<br>with Leonora, | Mr. Stoppeler. |
| Friendly, his Friend,                          | Mrs. Thomas.   |
| Clown, in Love with Margery,                   | Mr. Pearce.    |

Porter, Servants, &c.

### W O M E N.

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Leonora, Daughter to Sir Ti-<br>mothy, in Love with Love-<br>well, | Miss Smith.  |
| Margery, Sir Timothy's Maid,<br>in Love with the Clown,            | Mrs. Palmer. |

MURKIN



# *The Jealous Clown:* OR, THE **LUCKY MISTAKE.**

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**SCENE I.** *A Room in Sir Timothy's House.*

*Enter Sir Timothy and Servants.*

*Sir Tim.*



ELL—Children are Children, Troubles are Troubles, and so will continue in spite of Opposition—Certainly if Men did but consider what they're about, when they're answering the End of their Creation, they'd falter in their Work for fear of getting a Girl; ay, a Girl; for of all Plagues to a Father, sure a Daughter is the worst—I have but one now, for which Heaven be praised, and she's the eternal Disturber of my Quiet, and only to keep her from the penetrating Insinuations of some powder'd Coxcomb or other; for adod now-a-days a smooth Tongue is the best Bait in Europe for a young Girl—Let me see! This by Chance, Fortune

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tune threw in my Way——I warrant it some dying Lover's last Words, or an Assumption——

(Reads)

Fair ANGEL,

*B*E at the usual Place, and Time, in the Garden,  
where I'll have such Things in Readiness, that  
you may make your Escape from the Tyrant your Fa-  
ther, and rest securely in the Arms of him, who is

Your languishing Admirer,

LOVEWELL.

A very pretty Conclusion, indeed, for a Fellow perhaps that has no more Value for her than a Coster-monger, except it be for her Money——Look'e my Lads, have an Eye on my Garden Wall this Night, I'll watch with ye——if ye see any one endeavouring to get over, inform me of it, d'ye hear——away then to your Posts——

A I R I. Come my brave Hearts.

*How Happy is he,  
That from Troubles is free,  
Whilst others at theirs are repining :  
But none can compare,  
What Sorrows soe'er,  
With those that in Wedlock are joining.  
For when you are in  
That double-curst Gin,  
The Fruits of your Pleasure e'erafter,  
Are that you will be  
From Troubles ne'er free,  
And perhaps with th'worst—that's a Daughter.*

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If this hot Lover does come, he'll meet with a warm Reception, that is, to be toss'd in a Blanket, and well cudgell'd afterwards— So Mr. *Languisher*, look to your self. [Exit.]

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SCENE II. *The Outside of a Garden Wall.*

Enter Clown.

*Clown.* Avore God, to be in Love is the Devil, and all his Works; and then to be Jealous, is worse than either— True, Sir *Timothy's* Maid *Margery* has often told me that she dispests me: Now was I satisfy'd that she did, d'ye see, Ize then be easy—but I have a strange Fancy that she has some other Suitor or whom she dispests more— Now how I may be satisfy'd o'that, I daun't know: However, Ize think— Oh! 'tis only my climbing o'er yon Wall, and so thorow Sir *Timothy's* Garden, to the Back-house, where I can see all o'er the Kichin, and I-Cod, an there be any won wi'her, why then, d'ye mind me, he feels the Breadth o' my Fist— if not, Ize e'en march Home much better pleas'd than I came.

AIR II. The Jealous Clown.

*That Lover is happy in Thought,*  
*When certain he is of his Dear;*  
*If Jealous, then nought can be wrought*  
*On his restless Brain, but Despair.*  
*He tumbles, and tosses all Night,*  
*His Business too is neglected,*  
*And till he is satisfy'd right,*  
*His Mind it is strangly affected.*

[Goes to mount the Wall, humming the Tune  
as he goes.]

Enter

*Enter Sir Timothy and Servants with a Blanket.*

*Sir Tim.* Keep close my Lads—softly—  
if ye see any body, besure ye tell me—Ha, ha,  
I can hardly forbear laughing to think what a  
Disappointment this vigorous young Rake-hell  
will meet with—A very pretty Assignation in-  
deed, to be well bastinado'd—and a-dod, so old  
as I am, he shall have cause to remember the  
Weight of my Arm.

*Clown.* (*Puffing and blowing*) A plaguey high  
Wall this—I-Cod an it were Mid-night, I  
shdu'd fancy the Devil ow'd me a Grudge, and  
so hung at my Arse to be reveng'd—Up Bun-  
gy—(*as straining*).

*Sir Tim.* Oh, ho! are you there, my dear Im-  
pudence—how eager the Dog is—never was a  
young Stallion in more haste for a Tit-bit, than  
this Son of a Whore is for my Daughter; but  
I'll quell his feverish Blood, a lascivious Dog—  
Where are ye, my Boys, now for the Honour of  
the Family ye live in—D'ye see that Fellow  
yonder—haste then with the Blanket, and be  
sure ye shake him heartily—Be cautious how  
ye go—make no Noise, lest he discovers ye—

[*The Servants creep to the Wall and pull him  
backwards into the Blanket, in which they toss  
him for some time, he crying out Murder, Help,  
Help, &c.]*

*Sir Tim.* Hold, hold, enough—now tumble  
the Villain out, that he may have a little Crat-  
tree Chastisement. I'll teach the Rascal to climb  
Walls—Sirrah! from whence come you? whi-  
ther was you going? who are you? [*Striking him.*]

*Clown.* Who am I? I-Cod, I don't know—  
I'm hardly my self yet:

[*Shrugs.*  
*Sir Tim.*

*Sir Tim.* Sirrah, I suspect you for a designing Rascal, a Rogue, whose Intent was to steal my Daughter, Sirrah; I say, you're some Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing [Striking him.]

*Clown (Sbrugging)* Look'ee, Sir, I daun't know what Cloathing Ize be in, but I'm sure 'tis well laced —

*Sir Tim.* Sirrah, your Insolence is insufferable, and ought to be curb'd — therefore I'll take upon me to do't, as thus (Beats him round the Stage) There — now be gone — away, I say! lest you provoke my Choler to a higher Pitch — (in a Passion — Clown runs out, often turning and muttering) — So! now I think I've cur'd this hot-tail'd Clamberer from ever attempting to assaile my Walls again — Now for the Plague my Daughter, and give her a little Chastisement — Come, my Lads, I'll reward your Pains.

[Exit Sir Tim.]

*1st Servant.* Egad, the old Knight has pepper'd him.

*2d Servant.* Ay, and salted him too, for he has left a damn'd savory Smell behind. [Ex. Servants.]

### S C E N E III. An open Place.

Enter Lovewell musing.

*Love.* Curst Fortune — To be thus blasted in all my Designs; and without further Hope of gaining her — O! how I am tortur'd, I'm wrack'd e'en to the utmost Limits of Despair! and all in vain —

TO *The JEALOUS CLOWN: Or,*

AIR III. No scornful Beauty e'er shall boast.

*How awful Beauty does invade  
The Conquest which she makes;  
Assist, O Venus! grant your Aid,  
Or else my Life she takes.*

*Ambitious Love, your Help intreats,  
To grasp the wisb'd-for Prize;  
Or Fortune, who my Bliss defeats,  
Will baulk me by Surprize.*

Now, let me consider — perhaps my distracted  
Brain may yet produce something in my Behalf—  
[Pauses.]

*Enter Friendly to him, slaps him on the Shoulder.*

*Frien.* Ned Lovewell and thoughtful ! What a Pox ails you ? Why thou hast the very Aspect of Ill-nature ! You look as cross as an Old Woman, and as surly as the Devil.

*Love.* Welcome, dear *Friendly* ! — Fortune, I find, begins to re-assume her usual Custom, by bringing to me the Man I wish'd for. (*Embraces him.*)

*Frien.* What the Devil hast thou to do with Fortune !

*Love.* Nothing, but she has play'd the Devil with me.

*Frien.* How ?

*Love.* Why, she has fed me up with the blooming Hopes of a pretty Girl, and dropt me in the midst of my Pursuit — but damn her, like a Jilt as she is, I this Moment disclaim all Alliance with her — My Friend is now my only Fortune —

The L U C K Y M I S T A K E .      11

tune —— Faith Jack, you cou'dn't have come at a more lucky Time to serve me.

*Frien.* Bleſt be that Minute, in which I can do my Friend a Kindneſſ.

*Love.* And happy's the Man, that can boast of ſuch a Friend.

A I R IV. If *Phyllis* denies me Relief.

*Frien.* *Tho' Int'reſt is e'ry one's Suit,*  
*And few that in Friendship abound;*  
*Yet here you may end your Pursuit,*  
*Affur'd that a Friend you have found.*

Well —— but prithee inform me, in what I'm to be of Service to you —— I'm impatient till I hear it.

*Love.* I'll tell you —— There's a bright Star conceal'd by a dark Cloud, which we must diſperſe, or (to ſpeak more intelligibly) an earthly Angel, under the Jurisdiction of an old Curmudgeon, her Father, whose Deity's his Gold —— To this fair Nymph, the Idol of my Soul, I have made my Addresses; and ſhe (like her Mother *Venus*) as kindly admits 'em — I have often wrote to her, and ſhe has as often answer'd me. In my laſt (having made ſeveral Efforts, and all in vain) I had form'd a Plot to convey her over the Garden Wall, but my Letter was intercepteſ by the old *Argus*, which I no ſooner heard, but all my Hopes were blaſted at once —— but racking my Thoughts for ſome new Invention, at laſt I hit on one, in which I muſt beg your Aſſiſtance — but hift! I hear ſome body coming — If you'll take a Turn I'll acquaint you with my Design, which we'll put in Execution immeđately.

*Frien.* Agreed —

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter]*

*Enter Clown (shrugging.)*

A I R V. Three Sheep-skins.

*Wounds! how my Back does ach,  
Pox confound.ye :  
Here a Blow,  
And there a Blow ;  
Oh! how he has bang'd me.  
When e'er I spoke a Word,  
Then he gave me  
Such a Thwack  
Across my Back ;  
Zounds! I b'lieve b'has lam'd me.*

Sure, never was poor Fellow so drubb'd as I have been, and all for nought — Now hong me, if I don't believe the Devil was consulted, when that Wood was invented — A Crab-tree! none but such a cross-grain'd sort of a Fellow, as the Devil, cou'd ever think of such a crabbed Name — And then again, the Fist that held it was as sour as the Stick — and neither Arm nor Cudgel had any more Mercy on my Back, than if it had been so much Iron — but Mishaps seldom come alone — or else I shou'd have thought, to be in Love was Trouble enough for one Man — but to be so heartily thrash'd, as I have been, is worser than Love, with a Pox to't.

*Enter to him Margery.*

*Marg.* What makes you look so cross to-day  
*Roger.*

*Clown (shrugging)* Wou'd you had as much Cause

(Aside.)

*Marg.*

Marg. Your Coldness to me, of late, has made me somewhat uneasy — for I can't speak to you, but you frown and look as surly — Indeed, Roger, I'm afraid you are —

Clown. Right —

Marg. What —

Clown. Jealous.

Marg. I know not your Meaning.

Clown. In plain speaking then — I'm afraid you don't love me so well as you shou'd — so therefore I have Reason to believe that you have some other Suitor or.

Marg. Unkind Roger.

Clown. Unkinder Margery.

Marg. You accuse me of a Thing, which Heaven knows is false; for I ever did — But such Usage as this I can't bear.

### AIR VI. Gillion of Croydon.

*Base Man to think so ill of me,  
When You know I others might have;  
But now you've had your Fill of me,  
And wou'd leave me like a false Slave.  
Go treacherous Man as thou art,  
This Moment I'll from you depart;  
But am resolv'd to marry any one,  
And I'll not any shun,  
So I be,  
Reveng'd on thee,  
Since that you do prove a false Knav.* (going)

Clown. Nay, but stay, Margery — if what I imagin'd be wrong, d'ye see — Ize be satisfy'd.

Marg. But I can't.

Clown. Every Man you know has Faults at one Time or other. (in a supplicating Tone.)

AIR

## AIR VII. Country Farmer.

*If what I have said,  
Your Love bath allay'd,  
I prithee for once do forgive me;  
And hereafter I'll be,  
More loving to thee,  
If once more, my Love, you'll receive me.  
And a Day shall not pass,  
But I'll bring you, sweet Lass,  
What e'er you shall think worth receiving.  
And Ize do my Endeavour,  
To please you for ever,  
If now you'll be kind and forgiving.*

*Marg.* Well, *Roger*, for once I will — But what Reason had you to think I'd forsake you ?

*Clown.* Why faith, *Margery*, my Mind has been in a Hurly-burly these two or three Days — and I cou'dn't beat it out of my Head but what you was false ; and Folk, you know, are willing to be satisfy'd — But now I hope w'are Friends again —

*Marg.* Ay — but the next Time, *Roger* — remember — farewell : — My Master'll want me.

*Exit.*

*Clown Solus.*

I-Cod this is a comical Way of being left me-thinks — the next Time. — remember — farewell — my Master'll want me ; why, who the Pox should she obey first, he that is her Master for the present — or I that am to be for ever — she certainly has some other Suitor, that's flat — Nay, I'm sure on't, it runs in my Mind so huge-  
ly —

ly — I Cod I'll have t'other Tryal in spite of Beating — perhaps I may discover someting yet. So Mr. Crab, d'ye see, Ize bid Defiance both to you and your Master. Exit.

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SCENE IV. Opens and discovers Leonora reading; she shuts the Book and advances — Sir Tim. listening.

*Leo.* What with Reading! Vexing! Thinking! and Writing so, makes me almost weary of my Life — and all upon my dear Mr. Lovewell's Account — Well! he's a sweet Man, and every Thing he has is sweet — and in spite of all my Father's Persuasions to the contrary, I find that I must; nay, do and will love him — and to satisfy him that I do, I'd strive hard but I'd get up the Chimney to see him — if assur'd he was there to receive me.

*Sir Tim. (Aside)* Here's a dutifull Child — Damn her.

*Leo.* Good Law! how my Heart beats — I vow I can almost hear it — pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat (*holding her Hand to her Heart.*) — Well — I wish nothing has happen'd to Mr. Lovewell, that I haven't heard from him so long — He promis'd to free me from the old Dragon, my Father — and not let him keep me here stew'd up like a Nun.

## AIR VIII. Tweed Side.

*How happy are Children when free,  
Tho' destin'd their Fortunes to try ;  
Oh ! think, my dear Lovewell, on me,  
Your Promise perform, or I die.  
My Father so cruel is grown,  
My Prison no longer can bear,  
All Duty is from me now flown :  
Make haste and convey me from here.*

*Sir Tim. (Aside)* Say you so, my dear Crocodile, since I am a Dragon, beware my Fury — (goes up to her) — How does my Dear — let me see ! (feels her Pulse) — are you well my Chicken — I fancy not — your Blood seems feverish — Don't you fancy strange Things sometimes — such as flying in the Air, creeping up Chimneys, and such like, hah — answer me, my Love — if you're so good at climbing up Chimneys, I must have a Watch over you — but I am apt to believe such Thoughts will go off, when proper Remedies are apply'd — What think you of being chain'd to your good Behaviour, lest in one of these mad Thoughts you should do yourself a Mischief, by making too great an Attempt — Or what think you of sharing the Fate of your dear *Lovewell*, that is, to have two or three of your Ribs broke with a good Cudgel ? — I think I've disabled that poaching Varlet from ever coming again — If any of his Bones has escap'd my Rage, Fortune has been more favourable than I intended — (*Leonora sighs*) — Come, come, you had better be contented to be stew'd up like a Nun, with a — Competency, than to live as a Beggar at Liberty —

AIR

## AIR IX. The Wheel of Life.

*Your Love Intrigue I am no Stranger to,  
But cast off all such Thoughts, or else I'll cast off you :  
My Mind you now do know, my Word you need not  
doubt ;*

*So think, so think, what 'tis you are about.*

[Leonora leans pensively against the Scenes.]

Enter a Servant.

A Gentleman, Sir, desires to speak with you — he's here.

Enter Friendly, delivers a Letter to Sir Timothy, who

(Reads)

*Friend Gripe,*

*B*E assur'd from me that the Bearer hereof, John Friendly by name, is a sufficient Man — but at this Time wants an hundred Pounds ; which if you lend him, you may depend on his own Note as a sufficient Security : From

Your Friend

P I N C H.

Frien. What say you, Sir — can you assist me ?

Sir Tim. Must you have it just now ?

Frien. Immediately, Sir — or it will be of no Service to me.

Sir Tim. Well, Sir, to oblige my Friend — I'll let you have it.

Frien. I shall take it as a very great Favour ; and as an Acknowledgement of it, I hope you'll

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do me the Honour to accept of a Hamper of Wine (just arriv'd from France) as a Present.

*Sir Tim.* Ay, Sir, with all my Heart — where is it?

*Frien.* In the next Room — I'll step, and help bring it in.

(Goes out and re-enters, helping the Porter in with the Hamper — and sets it down about the middle of the Stage).

*Sir Tim.* You'll excuse my being so free, Mr. Friendly? — It brings to my Mind an old Proverb —

*He that will not when he may,  
When he will be shall have nay.*

So, adod—I—I— seldom refuse any Thing —

*Frien.* (aside) Better you had this —

*Sir Tim.* Well, Mr. Friendly, follow me, and I'll let you have the Money. [Exit.

*Frien.* I'll follow — Now Lovewell's your Time, or never. [Exit.

*Lovewell peeps out of the Hamper.*

So — the Coast is clear — now Fortune do your worst. [Gets out.

A I R X. The Play of Love.

*What lovely Charms do I behold !*

*Great Jove was curious in thy Mould.*

*Oh ! how my Senses ravish'd are,*

*Avaunt, thou horrid, black Despair,*

*I've Bliss obtain'd, I grasp it here.*

[Embraces her.

*Leo.* Oh Heavens ! Lovewell !

*Love.*

*Love.* At your Service, Madam—— You see,  
my Dear, what various Stratagems Love can in-  
vent—— Now is the only Time to make us for  
ever happy——

*Leo.* How I'm frighten'd! for fear you should  
be discover'd.

A I R XI. Let Ambition fire thy Mind.

*Leo.* Oh ! how anxious is my Mind,  
When at Bliss I would attain ;  
Tho' sweet Love does promise kind,  
Yet triumphant Fear will reign.

*Love.* Lovely Charmer, fly this Place,  
Now secure from all Alarms ;  
Where Joy flows, and Fear doth cease,  
And wanton in each other's Arms.

*Leo.* How can it be done?

*Love.* Why—— make your Escape with me,  
whilst Opportunity serves—— nay! stay not——  
one Moment perhaps may make us wretched for  
ever——

*Leo.* Well — I'll take your Advice for once——  
but pray don't do any thing—— but what you  
shou'd.

*Love.* Nothing, my Love—— but what you'll be  
very well pleas'd at——

*Leo.* If so! — the sooner the better.

[*Exeunt running.*

Enter Clown.

Sofely—— where am I — oh! right enough——  
How the Devil I got here without being seen I  
can't tell—— however I've miss'd Crab—— let

me see — where can I stow my self that I mayn't be discover'd — oh! here's a Basket — I-Cod I'll get into it — and who knows but this may be put here on purpose to hide Margery's other Suitor in — Egad if it be so, mayhap I may catch 'en, and then, d'ye see — Ize have my Revenge —

## AIR XII. Mad Moll.

*I-Cod, an he happens to come,  
The Weight o' this Hond he shall know;  
For Drubbing shall then be his Doom,  
And Mercy is what I'll not show.  
If Mercy be craves, I'll reply,  
An Enemy, Mercy ne'er knows,  
The more he for Mercy does cry,  
The faster I'll lay on my Blows.*

So, good Basket, by your Leave. (Gets into it.)

Enter Sir Tim. seeing him.

What — art there again, thou dear Limb of Hell — will nothing tame your Courage — nor can I invent no Way to cool your Flame — Oh! a lucky Thought — adod, I — I'll wash the Rogue, and see how that will agree with him — d'ye hear — (*to his Servants, who enter and carry out the Basket*) — take that Hamper there — and throw it into the Horse-pond — be sure ye sop it well — away with it — now for my Daughter — Lenne, why Lenne, I say — I warrant she's got into some Corner, lamenting the Loss of her Mate — (*Goes out to seek her, and returns in a Passion*) — Hell! and Confusion! I'm ruin'd! undone! — stop ye Villains with the Basket there

there—I'll be hang'd if the Dog hasn't squeez'd her in with him. (Exit. running)

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SCENE V. A Yard.

Enter Clown wet, Sir Tim. and Servants following.

Sir Tim. Sirrah, you're a Hypocritical Raskal—and if you don't immediately inform me where my Daughter is, I'll — (Holding up his Stick.)

Clown No — upon my Word, Sir — I'd rather not indeed.

Sir Tim. What, Sirrah?

Clown. Have any more of Crab—for Ize never lov'd sowre Things in all my Life—

Sir Tim. What—do you quibble with me, you Villain—take that, you Raskal, for your Impudence. (Striking him.)

Enter Lovewell and Leonora, who kneel to Sir Timothy, Friendly following.

Sir Tim. Well, Sir—and who in the Name of Beelzebub are you—(To Lovewell.)

Love. Lovewell by Name, Sir—and your Son-in-Law by Marriage—to this fair Lady—(Pointing to Leo.)

Sir Tim. Death! and the Devil, am I trick'd at last!

Frien. Even so, Sir Timothy—but be not so Cholerick—you have no Cause to repent it—for the Gentleman, to whom your Daughter is marry'd—is in every Respect her Equal—

Sir Tim. Ay, Sir, provided I give her nothing—However, since he has got the Baggage, e'en

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e'en let him keep her—If my Blessing can be  
of any Service to 'em—I give it freely—but  
as for any Thing else, I'll see how they deserve  
first—

### AIR XIII. The Midsummer Wish.

#### I.

Love. *No more shall anxious Cares possess  
My Goddess fair—but Bliss ensue.*  
(Embacing her)

Leo. *When circl'd thus, what Happiness  
Do I enjoy, my Soul, with you.*

Love. *Now Mirth take Place, and Musick play,*

Leo. *And Notes harmonious ever sound,  
In Honour to this happy Day,*

Both { *Which now our Loves with Bliss hath  
crown'd.*

#### II.

Love. *No more shall Fears our Bliss annoy,  
Our Lives shall now continually*

Leo. *Be one perpetual Scene of Joy,  
And thus we'll live from Danger free.*

Love. *Let Joy take Place, and Mirth display,*

Leo. *And Notes harmonious ever sound  
In Honour to this happy Day,*

Both { *Which now our Loves with Bliss hath  
crown'd.*

Sir Tim. Well—now we are all Friends,  
I must enquire into these Disasters which have  
happ'n'd—If this Gentleman is Lovewell—  
who are you, Friend, that has been so well cud-  
gell'd, and wash'd, and, by what I can find, under  
a Mistake too—

Clown

*Clown.* Why, Ize tell you, Sir—my name is *Roger*, and I have in some Measure a Dispeſt for your Maid *Margery*, and I-Cod I was jealous of her, and was if poſſible, d'ye ſee, refolv'd to be ſatisfy'd—but instead of being ſatisfy'd, I have been ſerv'd—as you know how (*ſhrugging*) tho' in my Heart I believe ſhe loves me too—

*Sir Tim.* Well, then to compleat this Night of Jubilee, you ſhall be marry'd to her imme‐diately—go one of you, and bid *Margery* come hither—And the hundred Pounds, Mr. *Friendly*, which you borrow'd of me upon good Security, I'll give to him, to ſtruggle with in this World, in what Station he pleafes—as a Satisfaction for what he has undergone—

*Love.* And to let you ſee, Sir—that I am your Daughter's Equal — there's a hundred Pound more to put to what Use he ſhall think proper.

*Enter Margery.*

*Sir Tim.* Well, *Margery*, what ſay you—have you a Reſpect for this Man, ſo as to be marry'd to him.

*Marg.* Yes, an't please you.

*Sir Tim.* Now w're all agreed, let Joy be the Confequence.

*Marg.* How came you ſo wet, *Roger*?

*Clown.* My own Fooliſhneſſ—Jealousy.

*Marg.* Ay—you wou'dn't believe me, and you ſee what you've got by't.

*Clown.* Faith, *Margery*, I've had my Deserts, that's the Truth on't—(*ſhewing his Money to her*)—but mum now.

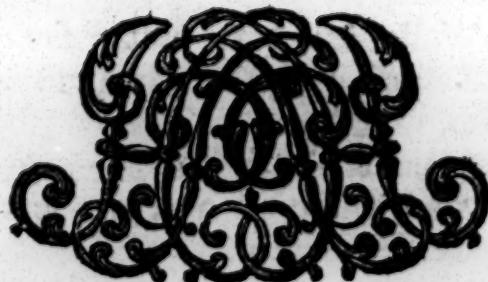
*Sir Tim.*

24. *The JEALOUS CLOWN, &c.*

*Sir Tim.* Come my Children, a Word of Advice, and then a Dance.

*Parents may see by what is past,  
When Daughters long—they will not fast.*

*F I N I S.*



SONG-TUNES  
IN THE  
JEALOUS CLOWN:  
OR, THE  
*Lucky Mistake.*

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AIR I. Come my brave Hearts.

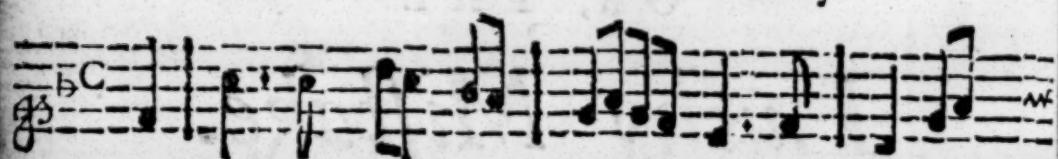


*The Jealous Clown; Or,*

## AIR II. The Jealous Clown.



## AIR III. No scornful Beauty.



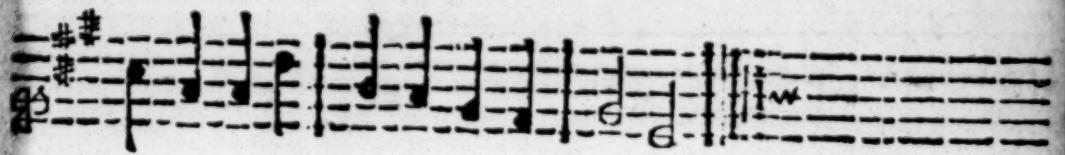
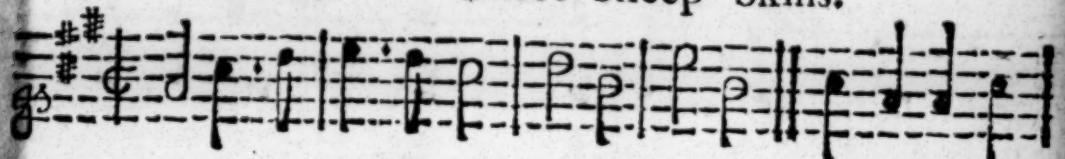
## AIR IV. If Phillis denies me relief.



The LUCKY MISTAKE.



AIR V. Three Sheep Skins.



AIR VI. Gilline of Croydne.



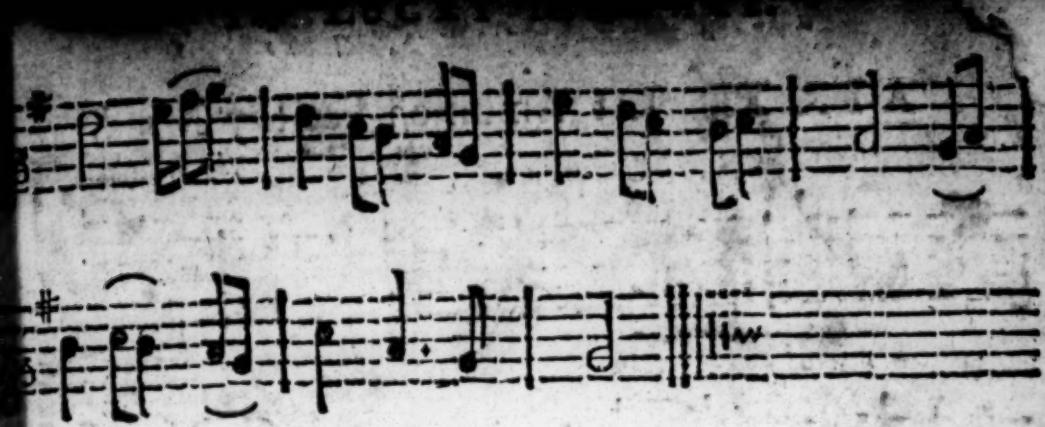
THE JEALOUS CLOWN; &c.

AIR VII. Country Farmer.



AIR VIII. Tweed Side.





A I R IX. Wheel of Life.



A I R X. Play of Love.



*The JEALOUS CLOWN; Or,*

AIR XI. Let Ambition fire thy Mind.



AIR XII. Mad Moll.

